RIGHTS OF ANIMALS.

Perhaps We Ought to Treat Them With More Civility and Respect.

Sir Arthur Helps insisted on "courtesy" to animals. We are to be civil spoken to them, and not to bully where we might persuade. Count Tolstoi never uses the whip; he simply talks to his horse. Mr. Bright long since followed on the same side as Sir Arthur Helps. He thought that kindness to animals should be taught at school. This is awkward, says a writer in the London Daily News, for he loved to hook some of them by the gills, for sport. It is needless to say that every form of sport is barred by Mr. Salt and his school. There is, of course, no lack of champions on the other side. Some writers argue that because animals have "no souls" we are entitled to do what we like with their bodies. Mr. Wood—the naturalist—altogether declined to accept the premises. What do we know about their souls? he asked; and it is clear enough that he hoped his faithful dog would bear him company in the next world. The brutes, he said, have reason, language, memory, a sense of moral responsibility, unselfishness and love, and there are no higher qualities in the spiritual baggage of man. If they have no hope of a future life, argued Primatt, one of their earliest champions, there is all the more reason for acknowledging their right to a good time in this one. Bentham pleaded logically in their favor, but rather gave them away in defending roast beef on the ground that their pains in providing it were not equal to our pleasures in the use.

The "vermin" argument is said to be worthless. "Vermin" is a mere phrase. The animal feels or it does not feel, and if it feels it has its rights. The Hindoos apparently have no difficulty about that, and in Theosophical houses, we believe, beetles have been known to range freely about the drawing-room. The rule is absolute: nothing must be killed. But then how does the Hindoo walk abroad, or even breathe? He must put hundreds of things to death in each operation. Probably every morning stroll of innocence through the meadows imports a whole hecatomb of slain. Small birds are pretty plain sailing. We are all agreed that the murder for millinery goes too far. One dealer in London is said to have received, as a single consignment, 32,000 humming birds, 80,000 aquatic birds and 80,000 pairs of wings.

A thousand songsters slaughtered in one day;
Oh, Angelina, meditate upon it,
And henceforth, never, never wear, I pray,
A redbreast in thy bonnet.

But Edwin was inconsistent. He had no sooner ended his appeal than he "said grace and carved the chicken." There it is. The best of us of this sort have always a chicken to carve, and in the long run our prohibitions are only such as touch other people's pleasures.

Snakes in the Home Circle.

One would hardly expect to find reptiles domesticated, but they are found in that position at Para, not far from the mouth of the Amazon, says the Pall Mall Budget. The stores and warehouses of that city are overrun with vermin of all sorts, and more especially rats. To keep down this plague young boas or jibolas are placed in the cellars, and subsist comfortably on the plentiful supply of food thus afforded. The Brazilians say that they keep down to reasonable limits the rats, which would otherwise play havoc with any goods they could get at. The fact that boas feed only at somewhat long intervals accounts for the fact that there always seem to be just rats enough for their subsistence, while they perform their catlike duties most satisfactorily. But, as we have said, they also act as very efficient watchdogs.

The skin of the boa is an article of commerce both in the Brazils and Eastern Asia. In the latter its chief use is to form the heads of banjos and other native musical instruments, it being extremely tough and hard. In Brazil it is also used at times to make riding boots, and forms an excellent substitute for "upper" leather, that of the anaconda being the best. As to vitality, a specimen in my possession, which had attacked a visitor, lived eighteen months with an open hole in its skull about an inch deep, caused by a bar used to beat it off the men it had seized. The land boa may be said to have but one enemy apart from man, and that, curiously, one of the most insignificant of insects, the ant. A certain species, peculiar to northern Brazil, make annual pilgrimages from their jungle retreats to some other point, often distant many miles, and destroy every living creature that stays in their track, except man and domestic animals or cattle. The monkey or the jaguar knows enough to flee before the invading host, but the snake does not appear to realize his danger until attacked by millions of his tiny but persistent foes. Twistings and writhings are alike in vain to shake them off, and the passing traveller may often see, as I have seen myself, the bleached skeleton of a huge snake which has thus been literally devoured alive. The ants are, of course, considerably larger than the British varieties, but seem puny enemies to successfully demolish a reptile monarch of the jungle.

He Wanted to Play.

There are few people who care to risk an encounter with a lunatic. Most of us would consider "discretion the better part of valor" in such a case, and make good use of our feet.

Recently one of the inmates of the asylum at Flatbush, Long Island, made his escape. A gentleman, walking through the grounds, came across him, and his suspicion being aroused by the man's manner, quickened his pace and turned in another direction to avoid him.

Much to his alarm the lunatic started after on the run.

The gentleman was elderly and stout, but fear lent him wings, and he flew over the ground at a pace which would have done credit to a professional sprinter.

He ran for two miles, his pursuer close at his heels, and then his wind gave out and he could get no further. Trembling with fright and panting for breath, he leaned up against a fence and gave himself up for lost.

The lunatic dashed up and stretching a long, bony hand at him, cried, ...g!"—The Household.

...orld's Fair extortionaires now know ... it is themselves. They have been ...e to accept $215,216 for claims of ...707.—Chicago Post.

AN EXCITING EXPERIENCE.

And When it was All Over the Station Agent Mended Things.

At a way station on the Louisville and Nashville one winter the station keeper had an exciting time. It was midnight, and the station being in a deserted part of the country had been left by the loafers. It began to rain. The station keeper was not sleepy and determined to sit up a great part of the night, especially as he had an unusual sum of money in his cash drawer and he felt uneasy about it.

Robberies of stations and farmhouses down the line had been frequent. So he settled himself down to a vigil. As he felt hungry he took a can of cove oysters down from the shelf and set it on the stove. A moment afterwards there was a knock at the door and he admitted a cold, drenched tramp, whom he allowed to lie down by the fire. Just then a train came around the bend and the station agent stepped outside to display the go-ahead signal. He felt distrustful of the tramp and feared that he would fool with the money drawer. As the train passed he hurried into the room and had scarcely opened the door and seen the tramp standing by the stove with something glistening in his hand when there was a report and the agent felt a stinging sensation over his eye.

Although blinded with blood from the wound, he drew his pistol and fired five times into the room. He then dashed round to the rear of the station and hid under the platform. After an hour's time he crawled out, resigned to the loss of his money and thankful that he had escaped with his life. The room was dark; the fire was out. The tramp had evidently escaped with his booty. Sorrowfully the agent lit a match, but instantly dropped it when a startling sight met his eyes. He lit another one, found a candle and gazed about at the scene of desolation.

The lamp had been shattered by a bullet. A cheese had been perforated with two bullets. The room was filled with smoke from the stove-pipe, which a fourth bullet had perforated. Strangest of all, the room was filled with cinders, and oysters frescoed everything. Oysters, oysters, oysters, cove oysters. The agent grasped and realized it all. The can had remained in the stove too long and being sealed up had exploded from the steam when the tramp poked the fire. Of course the tramp skipped when the shooting commenced. The cash drawer was intact. A piece of tin was found near the door, where it had recoiled off the agent's face. The agent spent the remainder of the night in mending the stove.—Louisville Commercial.

Alma-Tadema's House.

In an article on Alma-Tadema, in the Century, Mrs. Edmund Gosse thus describes the destruction of the artist's house and its rebuilding:

By the year 1874 the decorations of Mr. Alma-Tadema's house, at the North Gate, Regent's Park, were completed, and the whole effect was of a palace of exotic beauty. In a moment all this beauty was well-nigh destroyed by the explosion of a barge laden with gunpowder and benzolin, which was passing along the canal in front of his house. The walls were cracked, the windows broken, the front door, even, was torn off its hinges, so that the open portal showed on its threshold the almost too hospitable greeting of "Salve" to the outside world. M. Tissot, the French artist, who was at that time living in London, said that the terrace of houses nearest to the scene of the accident had all the appearance of the streets of Paris after the bombardment during the Commune. There is a pretty story of the behavior on this occasion of the two young daughters of the house. They had always been told that if they felt frightened at night they were to ring their bedroom bell; so, when they awoke suddenly, in the utter darkness, to find the window-frame lying on their bed, the ceiling falling in fragments and hundreds of hazelnuts—part of the boat's cargo—showering down upon them, the elder child remarked to her sister, in the high calm voice of authority, "Anna, ring the bell!"

The news of the explosion was a terrible blow to Mr. and Mrs. Alma-Tadema, who were travelling in Scotland at the time. But Mr. Alma-Tadema's splendid energy was equal to the occasion, and he at once saw means for improving his house. The outer walls were, first of all, firmly clamped together with huge iron girders; next, the inner house was considered. New doorways were cut through the side walls, arches were constructed, and here and there a slim, supporting column was added. The whole aspect of the place became, if possible, more charming and fairy-like than before. The artist decorated the ceiling of his studio in the Pompeiian style, with figures of his own hand in a design of light floral festoons, dividing the space into panels of different sizes and shapes. For these Mr. Alma-Tadema made some charming sketches of dancing nymphs and tootling satyrs.

An Ill Wind.

Jack—It's all over. I'm a cooked goose.

Tom—Wouldn't she have you?

Jack—Confound it, no! Cool as a cucumber about it, and nothing green either.

Tom—Any chance of—er—her exercising woman's peculiar prerogative?

Jack—Changing her mind? Not a bit.

Tom—I suppose, too, you had planned to buy her a ring if she'd have you?

Jack—Yes, I suppose so.

Tom—Had your money all saved up for it, didn't you?

Jack—I should say so. Had $50 all ready.

Tom—Ah, yes! I say, Jack——

Jack—Well?

Tom—You—er—couldn't lend me—er—that $50 till you find some girl who will have you, could you?—Harper's Bazar.

Slight Discrepancy.

Mr. Dadson (in one corner of the ballroom)—By gee, that boy of mine has danced with more girls than any other young fellow in the room. He is just his father over again.

Mrs. Dadson (in another corner of the room)—It is just amazing to note how confident and how popular Willie is with the young ladies. He isn't a bit like his father was at his age.—Indianapolis Journal.

WOMEN IN NEW ZEALAND POLITICS.

How They Worked, and Voted for Their Candidates, and Elected Them, Too.

In the recent general elections for members of the New Zealand House of Representatives, for the first time in any British colony every woman over twenty-one years of age possessed equal voting rights to those held by men. Women of the colony, says a Wellington correspondent, developed a remarkable keenness for politics. They registered in thousands, and throughout the whole election campaign displayed a most laudable desire to learn their new duties. Afternoon meetings for women only, at which the more social side of politics was dealt with, and the new electors instructed how to use their votes, became part of every candidate's work. Heckling there often was, and that of the keenest description, so much so that some candidates are said to have declared they would sooner face double the number of men than be hauled over the coals as they were by these gentle electors.

With all the impulsiveness of their sex, the women became almost more partisan than the men, and lucky was the candidate whom they favored. For him were crowded and enthusiastic meetings, ovations when he rose, and often showers of bouquets when he sat down, while in many cases the vote of thanks and confidence was moved or seconded by some blushing elector who heard her own voice for the first time in public. Women thronged his committee rooms, and canvassed for votes with a charming persistence which would not be denied. The whole battery of women's arguments, personal and theoretical, was brought to bear on the recalcitrant male elector who was suspected of a leaning to the other side, and, as has been said, throughout the whole of the campaign the newly enfranchised took a deep interest in the questions at issue and in the result of the contest.

It is gratifying to be able to say that, as was expected would be the case, women's influence was wholly for good in the conduct of one of the most keenly contested elections that has ever been held in New Zealand, and in no case, so far as can be ascertained, was a candidate subjected to the indignities which have at other times disgraced political meetings. Dissent and disapproval were, of course, frequently expressed; but such tangible forms of disapprobation of the speaker's remarks as rotten eggs were but very rarely resorted to; and, considering the length and bitterness of the contest, it is a pleasanter one to look back upon than any previous one.

The election day was a typical New Zealand November day. The women, as a rule, cast their votes early, so as to avoid the crushing which always occurs in the afternoon and evening, and they went about their tasks with a gravity which betokened their sense of their responsibilities. They showed, it is true, some degree of nervousness, and a good many, when the eventful hour arrived, displayed some slight reluctance to enter the booths; but that was soon overcome as they saw their more self-possessed sisters safely emerge from the ordeal, and receive their assurances that it was very easy. The result was that when the polls closed it was estimated that one-third of those who had recorded their votes were women, and it is to the credit of the latter that the number of informal votes was surprisingly small.—Birmingham Daily Post.

The Humbug of Palmistry.

After many experiments with those considered most successful, and a study of the subject in the light of anatomy, physiology and natural coincidences, I regard palmistry as without basis in science or sense.

That no two hands have ever been absolutely similar is indisputable. When critically examined, no two leaves or flowers, though of the same species, appear exactly alike; much less would such complex organizations as human hands be found without difference.

General conclusions can therefore be drawn from the shape and size of the hands as to strength, suppleness, circulation of blood, temperament and the size of the form to which they belong. But even here a large margin must be allowed for departures from general rules. Huge hands are sometimes the mortification of small and otherwise beautiful women, while giants are found with small feet and hands. Sometimes large feet and diminutive hands are possessed by the same persons. Walker and Darwin observed that the hands of the children of laboring men are larger from birth than those of persons whose ancestors have lived idle lives, or have been engaged in vocations not requiring the use of the hands. Though such children might become renowned for intellectuality or proficiency in art, the large hand might be transmitted to several generations.

What is justly allowed to chirognomy is true of every other part of the body, in its proportionate relation to the sum of human activity. With these rational conclusions the votary of palmistry will not be content. It is mystery he seeks, and a power to read the past, present and future, which nature has denied to man.

The sole and sufficient cause of different lines in different persons is the difference in the shape and size of the hands, elasticity of skin, strength and use of the muscles, and external pressure. Therefore hands of different persons are not alike, nor both hands of the same person. Mr. Francis Galton's remarks, in his work "Finger Prints," are to the point:

"The palms of the hands and the soles of the feet are covered with two totally distinct classes of marks. The most conspicuous are the creases or folds of the skin, which interest the followers of palmistry, but which are no more significant to others than the creases in old clothes; they show the lines of most frequent flexure, and nothing more."

For lines to be an indication of anything mental, moral or emotional, it would be necessary for them to be evolved under the influence of nerves connected with the brain centres, in which the said intellectual and moral qualities inhere; but superinduced from the periphery, they can mean nothing except more or less of different motions and use.—Rev. J. M. Buckley, D. D., in the Century.

Knowledge is a tool with which to acquire more knowledge.

STONEWALL JACKSON.

He Had Rigid Notions and was Not Popular as a Professor.

Jackson was not a popular professor. He had rigid notions of discipline, and was uncompromising in his enforcement of the rules of the institute. He was unbending, uncongenial, intolerant of neglect of duty, inattention to studies carelessness at drill, etc. This, combined with his eccentricities, made him a mark for the witticisms and the mischief of the cadets. They played tricks upon him, they made sport of him, they teased him, they persecuted him. All in vain. He turned neither to the right nor to the left, but went straight on in his own ways. As he was passing by the tall institute building one day, a vicious and cowardly cadet, who hated him, let drop a brick from the third-story window. It fell close by his feet, and his escape was almost miraculous. He did not deign to look up, and stalked on with contemptuous indifference. He brought charges against a cadet for some misdemeanor, and got him dismissed. The cadet was a daring and reckless character, and challenged him, accompanying the note with the message that if the professor failed to give him satisfaction in that way, he would kill him on sight. Jackson brought the challenge to me, and asked my advice in regard to swearing the peace against the cadet. I vehemently opposed it on the grounds that the cadets would always regard him as a coward, and that he would be annoyed by their contemptuous treatment. He heard me through patiently, thanked me for my advice, went straight to a magistrate and swore the peace against the cadet. There was a perfect hoot of derision in the town, in Washington College and in the institute. A military man, who had distinguished himself on the plains of Mexico, had taken an oath that he was in bodily fear of a mere stripling. But the end was not yet. The officer of the law was afraid to serve the writ on the young desperado, who easily kept out of his way. Jackson had rooms in the institute building. He went in and out as usual, both day and night. The dismissed cadet told his comrades that he would attack Jackson at a certain hour one day, but he did not. The time was changed to that night, to the next day, to the next night. But the attack never came, and the boys discovered that the blusterer was afraid of the man who had sworn the peace against him, and they turned their derision from the professor to their comrade. The explanation of his conduct was this: Jackson had let it be known that as a Christian he felt it to be his duty to avoid a difficulty, and therefore had gone to an officer of the law for protection. That failing, he had felt it to be a duty to protect himself, and had prepared himself for a personal affray. The cadet had seen the flash of that blue eye, and knew that the result of a collision would be fatal to himself. I have thought that no incident in the life of Jackson was more truly sublime than this. He was unmarried, a comparative stranger, with but few friends. He was ambitious, covetous of distinction, desirous to rise in the world, sensitive to ridicule, tenacious of honor—yet, from a high sense of Christian duty, he sacrificed the good opinion of his associates, brought contempt upon his character as a soldier and a gentleman, and ran the risk of blighting his prospects in life forever. The heroism of the battlefield, yea, the martyr courage of the stake, are nothing to this.—"The Real Stonewall Jackson," by Gen. D. H. Hill, in the Century.

Curious Indian Games and Sports.

We had some quiet plays which we alternated with the more severe and warlike ones. Among them were throwing wands and snow-arrows. In the winter we coasted much. We had no "double-rippers" nor toboggans, but six or seven of the long ribs of a buffalo, fastened together at the larger end, answered all practical purposes. Sometimes a strip of basswood bark, four feet long and half a foot wide, was used with much skill. We stood on one end and held the other, using the inside of the bark for the outside, and thus coasted down long hills with remarkable speed.

Sometimes we played "Medicine Dance." This to us was almost what "playing church" is among white children. Our people seemed to think it an act of irreverence to imitate these dances, but we children thought otherwise; therefore we quite frequently enjoyed in secret one of these performances. We used to observe all the important ceremonies and customs attending it, and it required something of an actor to reproduce the dramatic features of the dance. The real dances usually occupied a day and a night, and the programme was long and varied, so that it was not easy to execute all the details perfectly; but the Indian children are born imitators.

I was often selected as choirmaster on these occasions, for I had happened to learn many of the medicine songs, and was quite an apt mimic. My grandmother, who was a noted medicine woman, on hearing of these sacrilegious acts (as she called them), warned me that if any of the medicine men should learn of my conduct they would punish me terribly by shrivelling my limbs with slow disease.

Occasionally we also played "white man." Our knowledge of the pale-face was limited, but we had learned that he brought goods whenever he came, and that our people exchanged furs for his merchandise. We also knew, somehow, that his complexion was white, that he wore short hair on his head and long hair on his face, and that he had coat, trousers and hat, and did not patronize blankets in the daytime. This was the picture we had formed of the white man. So we painted two or three of our number with white clay, and put on them birchen hats, which we sewed up for the occasion, fastened a piece of fur to their chins for a beard, and altered their costume as much as lay within our power. The white of the birch-bark was made to answer for their white shirts. Their merchandise consisted of sand for sugar, wild beans for coffee, dried leaves for tea, pulverized earth for gunpowder, pebbles for bullets, and clear water for dangerous "fire-water." We traded for these goods with skins of squirrels, rabbits and small birds.—Dr. Charles A. Eastman, in St. Nicholas.

Good manners and good morals are sworn friends and fast allies.